

# TRUTGERS REVIEW

NOV  
2008  
Vol. 37,  
Issue 3

POP ART  
@ the Zimmerli

EMILYN  
BRODSKY

O(MG)BAMA!

Internet > TV

KISS

Postmodern  
Hip Hop

FOOD:

Vegetarian  
Victuals vs.  
Grease Truck  
Goodness

PLUS:  
A Giant  
Comic!



Gutzi

# RUTGERS REVIEW

NOV 2008  
Vol. 37  
Issue 3



2

*Vegetarians vs. Meat Eaters*  
p3 by Daniel Larkins and Leah Rodriguez  
p4 by Merichelle Villapando

## EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief. DAVE ROTHSTADT  
Forum Editor. MERICHELLE VILLAPANDO  
Acting A&E Editor. ROB GULYA  
Music Editor. LISETTE VOYTOKO  
Humor Editor. JOHN E. SULLIVAN

Art Directors. KELLY HOLECHEK and ANDY WOLF

Photo Editor. CHRIS MCGUIGAN

Copy Editors. MARISSA GRAZIADIO and KATE ILLES

President. ROB GULYA  
Treasurer. SEAN NEIL

## ARTICLES

Daniel Pillis  
Andrew Sheldon  
Christopher Kunkel  
Marissa Graziadio  
Lillyan Ling

Daniel Larkins  
Ilana Kaplan  
Leah Rodriguez  
Danielle Rochford  
Elizabeth Plaugic

## DESIGN

Hal  
Jeff Foster

Sarah Jo

## ILLUSTRATIONS / COMICS

Dan Stark  
Jeff Foster  
Hal  
Marisa Montemorano  
Rachel Finelli

Justin C. Hall  
Jon Bershad  
Matt Korostoff  
James Baduini

Cover Art by RYAN GUTIERREZ

*Election Day in Pictures*  
by Chris McGuigan

5

*Facebook on Election Day* 6

7

*Pop Art and After: Prints and Popular Culture*  
by Danielle Rochford

7

*I <3 the Man on that Page*  
by Lillyan Ling

8

*No Tv* 9  
by Dave Rothstadt

*Crossing the Streams (and Plot Points)*  
by Andrew Sheldon

10

*Review: Changeling*  
by Rob Gulya

12

*Review: Soul Men* 11  
by Daniel Larkins



13

*Punctuation Rocks* 13  
by Elizabeth Plaugic

*An Army of One* 14  
by Andrew Sheldon

*Who is Emilyn Brodsky?* 15  
by Daniel Pillis

*De Facto Musicgation* 17  
by Merichelle Villapando

*Polysics* 18  
by Marissa Graziadio

19

*And Karmic Justice for All* 20  
by John E. Sullivan



*Comedy L.P. of the Month* 21  
by John E. Sullivan

*Popcorn Tooth* 21  
by Christopher Kunkel

*Pumpkin Spice Cake: A How-To* 22  
a comic by Rachel Finelli

*Comics!* **Back Cover**  
by Jon Bershad, Justin C. Hall and Matt Korostoff

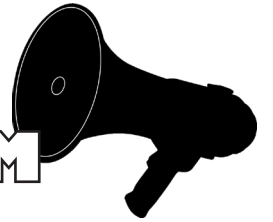
Dearest readers of the Rutgers Review,

It is cold. Damn, freaky-deaky, chilly. So much so that I woke up this morning without any sensation in my fingertips. I am currently wearing two pairs of pants right now. TWO PAIRS OF PANTS! That's three different flies I need to undo to get myself undid! And you know what? I bet that in a week it'll be ridiculously nice out and my apartment will be as hot as two soccer balls that have sat in the glorious sun all day. I live in a large soccer ball, by the way. Slowly but surely, these "Global Warming Days" are becoming our guiltiest of pleasures. "Oh I know the sea-level's rising, but ain't it nice to sunbathe on Thanksgiving in NJ?" you might say to me one day, to which I will reply "Yes. Yes it is."

See ya then!

-Dave Rothstadt  
Editor-in-Chief





*The Rutgers Review decided to pay homage to both our readers' veggie loving and grease loving ways, pumping tastes buds for a scrumptious, pre-Thanksgiving warm up.*

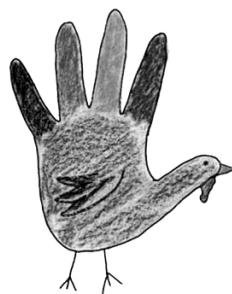


"I WANT TO EAT SO MUCH GREASY FOOD THAT IT POURS OUT OF MY PORES." DROOLED MY FRIEND ANDY, WHILE DESCRIBING HIS MUNCHIES AT THREE IN THE MORNING.



**WE ALL GET THE MUNCHIES, WHETHER IT'S FOR A FAT CAT OR A VEGGIE FAT CAT, SO**

**EAT THIS.**



And so, in closing, some memorable November words:  
Get **FAT**,  
Get **funk**,

And get **facebook**

(if you haven't already!)

Oh, and by the way, President Obama. Yes. We. Can. And we did! How did you feel when you found out? Check out page 6 to see where you stand among 200 other Generation Y-er's, because face it, change has finally arrived.





## Vegetarianism



# Vegetarians



By Dan Larkins & Leah Rodriguez

Every time they ask me, I reply differently. I'll say spaghetti and meatless meatballs, a selection that is inexpensive and delicious, or veggie lo mein, veggie burger, veggie riblets, veggie hot dogs, veggie corn dogs, vegetarian deli meats or simply fruits and veggies. The list goes on and on because everyone seems to wonder, what do vegetarians eat?

Vegetarianism has become more of a trend. The choice to stop eating animal products why is it that the dining hall staff at Brower the artsy, malnourished, grungy kid to the of indie music, second hand clothes and advocacy.

Let's be clear, not everyone has jumped on the herbivore band-wagon. Blair Van Der Woodson\*, a Mason Gross School of the Arts sophomore said, "I have to have a roast beef sandwich everyday. I feel

Yet nourishment is arbitrarily decided on a stomach by stomach urban planning major, said she strays away from non-kosher meat, which eating at University dining halls.

"For one thing, I grew up only eating kosher meat so I don't know healthy, cleaner said. "From a non religious point of view, it's actually

Although only two percent of the American population is vegetarian and roughly 20 percent are college students, for vegetarians at Rutgers, life isn't too still rant to Captain Commons via napkin complaints. Their dining hall options mainly consist of bowls of Tofutti cups of Silk Soymilk and the exciting slices of cheese-less pizza made available upon request.

When splurging on off-campus meals, vegetarians only need to venture a few blocks to the George St. Co-Op off of Livingston Avenue, to find the Namaste Cafe. Open seven days a week with an exclusively vegetarian staff, Namaste offers \$7 wraps, an organic juice and smoothie bar, gourmet salads and occasional dessert. A regular favorite is the Chi-Can wrap that consists of chicken salad. From freshly squeezed wheat grass to blue grass, the band Sailors in Rags frequently utilizes Namaste as a venue for the arts. Drum circles and poetry readings are also held in the intimate space furnished with all organic furniture. During the week, Namaste functions as a peaceful study spot conveniently located only a block away from Mason Gross.

Thanksgiving, a vegetarian's worst nightmare? Only if you hate your family. Thanksgiving is many things: A celebration of genocide, disease and guns; the Harvest Festival; and one feathery creature which is the decorative dining symbol for all which we are thankful. But no worries for vegetarians during this time of Thanksgiving turkey obsession. Go to <http://www.bellaonline.com/articles/art37155.asp> for a meat free turkey recipe. You do not need turkey to feel full and content.

\*Fake names used to hide the identity of the non vegetarians.





# MEAT EATERS

# GREASE BEASTS:

The Greasy Food Culture of New Brunswick  
by Merichelle Villapando

What goes hand in hand with one of the biggest party schools in the country? Greasy food! Rutgers students take it for granted that they can chomp their way into the juiciest, greasiest sandwiches in the country, while others aren't as lucky. San Diego is known for its vegan eateries, New Orleans for its Cajun food, Boston for its seafood, and its culture around its food, the New Brunswick? New Brunswick is proudly, infamously known for its same applies to our city, New Brunswick.

Open up a random menu of a New Brunswick eatery and you're guaranteed a heart attack If you study the menus textbook style, you'll start to notice that the primary ingredients in these cheese, potatoes, some sort of yeast-based ingredient (bread or dough) and sauce. From Fat Sandwiches to gyros to French fries to extra large pizzas, New Brunswick drunks and fatties at 3 a.m. on a Thursday night. Grease is the secret—greasy foods are alcohol.

"Greasy foods coat the stomach and slow absorption of alcohol," said most greasy foods are full of carbohydrates, which turn into sugar in your supply of the sugars alcohol causes to drop."

Almost everybody drinks Rutgers, so it only makes sense for venues a t budgets. Bust out a five dollar bill and you a t Cool Runnings on Easton Avenue, or a down to the cent. Cluck-U, located in North Brunswick, advertises on its Web site, "MONDAY BITE NIGHT which tempts one to spend their quarters on greasy snacks Brunswick restaurants

More importantly, New Rutgers' students new tastes to old favorites. Neubies, for instance, and cheese), as well as Spicy Waffle Fries, Pizza Fries and Country Fries. On Easton Avenue, Chicken Express seasons its fries with the at Last Legg, a joint on Somerset Street, chicken and waffles are served in a

New Brunswick eateries put Thanksgiving to shame. In New Brunswick, it's always a holiday.

## A Quick Word with the

Defined by urban life," the Grease Trucks are the Trucks! [that] will take a year off your started serving from them 37 named Mr. C. (Tom C., to be exact) cheeseburgers, French fries, infamous Fat Cat, two scrumptious The birth of the Fat Cat was a has been around for 25 years. started selling, everyone started said one of the owners. Once they 30 Fat Sandwiches you can order. quickly after. Now, there are over a male customer can finish five participate in Fat Cat Madness. If is four sandwiches. Incredulously, after them. For girls, the minimum most famous of is the Fat Darrell, mostly by Rutgers students. The fingers, mozzarella sticks, French fries, marinara sauce, etc. was the creation of Darrell Butler, a Rutgers alumnus who created the sandwich while considering his short supply of cash. years back. The sandwich's chicken

"Separately, they would have cost me, like, \$12.75, and I was on a college budget," Butler said. Which just goes to prove that grease culture, cheapness and creativity go hand in hand.

NEW BRUNSWICK EATERIES KNOW WHAT'S GOOD  
FOR DRUNKS AND FATTIES  
AT 3 A.M. ON A THURSDAY NIGHT

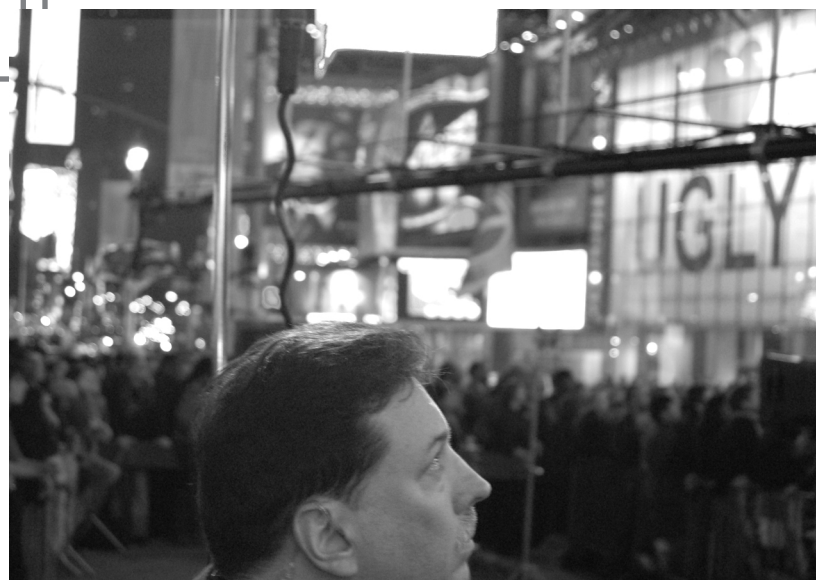




# 11/04/08

## Election Day in Pictures: Times Square

Photos by Chris McGuigan





# FORUM

smiling, smiling, smiling.

saw the impossible.

puppies for everyone!  
 ba-paper, ba-scissor, BA-RACK! is cleaning his gas mask and stocking  
 exhausted from all this political busi is excited for change. congrats Obama!  
 yes we did.

ness. is going to bed with a smile hopes this is the begging of an is ready for change and he respects and believes in Hel-

"A black President? A black Vice-President? And a racism discrimination,  
full of hope from marching for the whole HOUSE!!!! (ps-i love

"And I don't like people who go back there and then come back and brag about it. Anthony Russo is a good example of that. He's got a good job at CBAM. AAAAAA!!!!  
 "And I don't like people who go back there and then come back and brag about it. Obama"

Middle East, Obama's character isn't  
happy Obama is president, Obama is  
Obama is not interested in the Middle East, Obama is not interested in the Middle East, Obama is not interested in the Middle East

Obama is not here to give Grandpa McCain a hug and a cookie. is BUSH, you're fired, little

household is amazed at the change  
Sam and the other  
of black and white outlets on  
is gonna miss those  
SNL-Palin skits...

I hope Obama's cabinet is as diverse as the USA.  
 I hope Obama's cabinet is as diverse as the USA.

is celebrating Obama's election on George St. at 12:00 PM. The parade is as follows: 1. Obama parade 2. Magic School Bus parade 3. Appaloosa parade 4. Mud-puddle parade 5. President!!!

line "President Clinton College graduates are the only ones who sold S.W.E.D.I. is a Millard Yakowich. I have experienced a lot of this HOPE and

DAY!!!!!!

is obama, obama, obama, obama is also getting the truth tucked by coast to coast from  
voted Obama, Obama, Obama, Obama is also getting the truth tucked by coast to coast from  
is glad we finally this which is a good thing for the nation  
don't... her entire life! Obama says... millions and millions

got something only time in my life I have lived in coal and gold. You could be so right any ounce of pride in this country today hasn't done it.

is yes we fucking can. says anything yet. YES WE DID!!!!

thinks this is wonderful. This is beautiful.  
is unable to define the word can't.  
is excited she wont have to move to CaNaDiA.



# POP ART & AFTER: PRINTS AND POPULAR CULTURE

By Danielle Rochford

In the mid '50s, newspaper photos, flashy print ads, colorful billboards and other images began to pop up in everyday life. America's ideals were changing, and this metamorphosis inspired an era in the world of art, called Pop Art. This new style emerged in the late '60s and depicts scenes of everyday life by utilizing commercial techniques. The Jane Voorhees Zimmerli Art Museum is featuring works from this style of art in a special exhibit through Dec. 14.

The exhibit, titled "Pop Art and After: Prints and Popular Culture," encompasses an eclectic collection of 59 pieces dating from 1964 to 2002. Famous artists such as Andy Warhol, Jim Dine, Jasper Johns, Claes Oldenburg, Tom Wesselmann, Roy Lichtenstein and many others with world renowned works

are currently on exhibit. The walls of the Zimmerli boast bold and vivid pieces that deal with topics such as the American Dream and everyday life.

One of the most entrancing parts of the exhibit is the 10 stunning Polaroids taken by Andy Warhol, which feature a photograph of

Sylvester Stallone. Probably the most recognizable and iconic piece of Pop Art, "Vegetarian

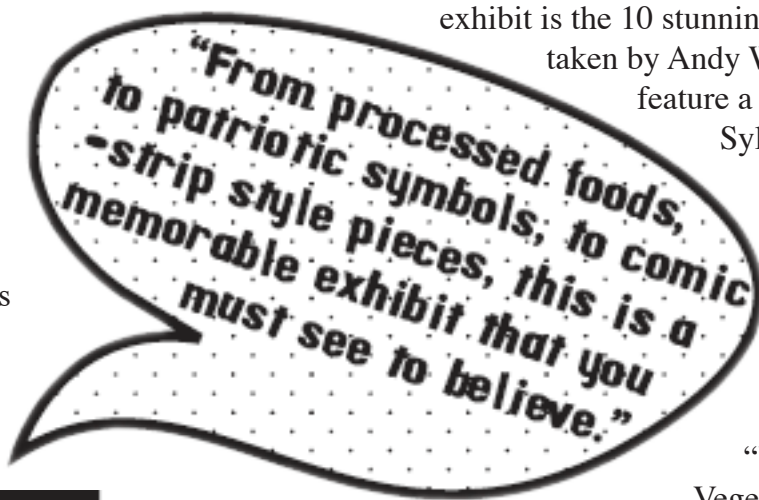
Vegetable," War-

hol's painting of a can of Campbell's Soup, is also among the works.

The creation of "Pop Art and After" was a Rutgers University collaborative effort, as it was formed by eight art history graduate students and features works by Lichtenstein, a former Rutgers professor. Lichtenstein's pieces are inspired by comic book pictures and popular advertising. Interestingly, many of the most popular Pop artists had connections with the University in the '60s.

From processed foods to patriotic symbols to comic-strip style pieces, this is a memorable exhibit one must see to believe.

The museum is free for all students with student IDs, and is \$3 for all non-students. The first Sunday of every month is free for all. The museum is open Tuesday through Friday from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., and is open weekends from noon until 5 p.m. It is closed on Mondays.







# I ♥ the Man on What Page



By Lillyan Ling  
Illustration by Hal

Gatsby, to which he replies, “That’s my affair.”

“Somebody told me they thought he killed a man once,” the people gossiped.

“Gatsby bought that house so that Daisy would be just across the bay,” Jordan claimed. Eyebrows raise (Daisy’s married). Hm.

Gatsby subtly objects to the buzzing: “I don’t want you to get a wrong idea of me from all these stories you hear.” Who knows?

Jane Austen’s Mr. Darcy, from *Pride and Prejudice*, though equally as eye-catching and wealthy (making £10,000 a year; twice as much as his buddy Bingley), is certainly not as popular as the charming Mr. Gatsby. He’s rather reserved, and everyone takes it the wrong way, mistaking his silence and lack of conversation for arrogance. Darcy knows he gives off that vibe.

“I certainly have not the talent... of conversing easily with those I have never seen before,” he admits. “I cannot catch their tone of conversation, or appear interested in their concerns, as I often see done.”

His only fault is his inability to express himself because he is shy and socially awkward, which can be kinda cute sometimes. But Darcy has something rare—the will to change for someone. Oh, and he dresses in 18th-century pantaloons and speaks with a British accent. That’s always a bonus.

Now before you object to Mr. Rochester of Charlotte Brontë’s *Jane Eyre*, forget his strange way of charming girls and his not so attractive physical appearance, particularly his “severe forehead.” It’s true, the first time Rochester is introduced, he has broken his leg and is leaning against a horse for his life. And yes, he did dress up as a gypsy fortune teller to try to drag a confession of love out of Jane. But, isn’t this what love is supposed to do? It makes you do silly, strange things. He’s an odd man, but his peculiar behavior has its own charm and character, and you can never go wrong with your own charm and character!

Whenever I’m reading a classic novel, I find myself faintly sketching penciled hearts around the male hero’s names. I try to restrain myself, but I can’t help my involuntary literary crushes. Some of them are just ever so charming. I glance at a bookshelf and many names come to mind: Edward Rochester, Edmond Dantes, Huckleberry Finn—the list goes on. Why can’t guys today be like guys from back then? They ought to look at them as their role models.

Jay Gatsby, from F. Scott Fitzgerald’s *The Great Gatsby*, has got it all—good looks, wealth and mystery. Veiled by wispy curtains of cigar smoke, with one suave, “Hello, old sport,” he can make any girl faint from his overwhelmingly debonair behavior. Add to that his Rolls-Royce and his extravagant classy and pricey parties. Sounds pretty good, but what makes him even better is that no one knows where exactly he came from, so he’s always the talk of the town, the spotlight of attention.

“I thought you inherited your money,” Nick asks



# NO TV

By Dave Rothstadt

A representative from my local cable provider called me up the other day to ask if I was interested in upgrading my cable package.

Without missing a beat, I politely reneged the offer. Mr. Sales McMan, though, would have none of it.

"You sure? Let me tell you all about our new offer for our triple action triple play threesome deal! Now sir, how much are you paying for TV right now?"

"Nothing, I only pay for Internet."

"Well, you have a TV, right?"

"Nope."

"Nope?"

"No TV."

"...Oh."

With an awkward pause, I bid adieu to Mr. McMan and went back to playing Manhunt 2 on the Wii. Sure, I lied, but not exactly. I do own a television set, which I use to watch DVDs and play extremely violent videogames—but that's about it. Living on your own, corners must be cut and holes must be looped whenever possible to keep bill payments down. Why should I pay an extra cent for cable when I can get my fill of good ol' TV programming for free thanks to the growing abundance of legal online video streams?

If you have a laptop or a sizable computer screen, the thought of dropping another \$30 a month to get access to all the shows and channels you'll never watch seems downright ludicrous. If I want breaking news, most networks have live online feeds as well as clips of pertinent current events. If something important in pop culture goes down on the boobtube, footage will be up on the YouTube within minutes. Primetime programming as well as cable networks have all jumped on the bandwagon. Why watch Saturday Night Live when you could wait a few hours and watch the best clips on Sunday morning whenever you want?

Hulu.com seems to be the best site so far to

have figured out this new system, providing its visitors with a wide library of free movies and television shows, both current and cancelled. Oh, and it's totally legal.

"Legal!?" you say. "Who cares about such nonsense as

things being legal? Me and my Bit Torrents get along quite nicely without your legal pussyfooting, thankyouverymuch!"

"Well, You," I say, "it might be all fun and games until you get that fat letter from Cablevision alerting you to HBO's acknowledgement of your habit of pirating episodes of Entourage willy-nilly. Then what? You're gonna fight the man? How about you try your luck some more until DreamWorks comes along and sues you for downloading Kung Fu Panda. Then what, huh?"

Anyway, the only thing that makes these sites legal is that they interrupt the stream with one commercial at every break, instead of the three or four you would find on your TV. It's a small price to pay for the convenience.

The system isn't perfect, though. HBO still has the gumption to remain streamless, but that's all right. There will always be some friend you can mooch off of for the time being.



Shows available on Hulu

30 Rock  
Arrested Development  
The A-Team  
ALF  
Alfred Hitchcock Presents  
Battlestar Galactica  
The Bob Newhart Show  
Colbert Report  
Daily Show  
Dilbert  
Doogie Howser, M.D.  
Family Guy  
Hill Street Blues  
House  
The Incredible Hulk  
It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia  
Late Night With Conan Obrian  
My Name is Earl  
The Office  
Rescue Me  
The Simpsons  
SNL clips  
Square Pegs  
The Tick  
Welcome Back, Kotter  
What's Happening  
WXR in Cinninatti

Computer Illustration by Jeff Foster





# Crossing the Streams

## (and Plot Points)

By Andrew Sheldon

**T**his Halloween, Americans were inundated with an absurd number of horror movie sequels. Thanks to endless amounts of late night cable, I managed to catch *Pet Cemetery 2*, *Halloween: Resurrection*, *Psycho III*, and *Friday the 13th Part VIII: Jason Takes Manhattan*. In the midst of this horror fest, I managed to catch a midnight showing of 1997's *Men in Black*. Placed in the middle of this slew of awful movies, *Men in Black* acted as a reminder of the way Hollywood used to do things: Taking previously proven formulas constructed by historical hits and rewriting the major characters to reach a new audience.

If you haven't noticed (I hadn't until last week), *Men in Black* is almost the same movie as 1984's *Ghostbusters*. In fact, the similarities are stunningly eerie. Columbia Pictures produced both movies, and each film spawned a sequel (both of declining quality and success). The plot for each movie was based on a supernatural phenomenon that had infiltrated the American subconscious. Both films produced theme songs that shared their title with the films and performed extremely well on the radio. The major characters were all part of a larger association, despite one being a business, the other a government organization. (It may be important to note the film involving the organization free of government influence came out while America was living under the rule of a Republican president, while *Men in Black* was released while Clinton was in office). The relationships between the main characters are even analogous—think of Tommy Lee Jones as a combination of Ray and Egon while Will Smith is a mix of Bill Murray and Winston. In this way, *Men in Black* becomes nearly an updated retelling of a basic story, like *The Girl Next Door* to *Risky Business*, or the way *The Matrix* made Jesus kick ass, again.

The problem with rebooting a franchise is that the

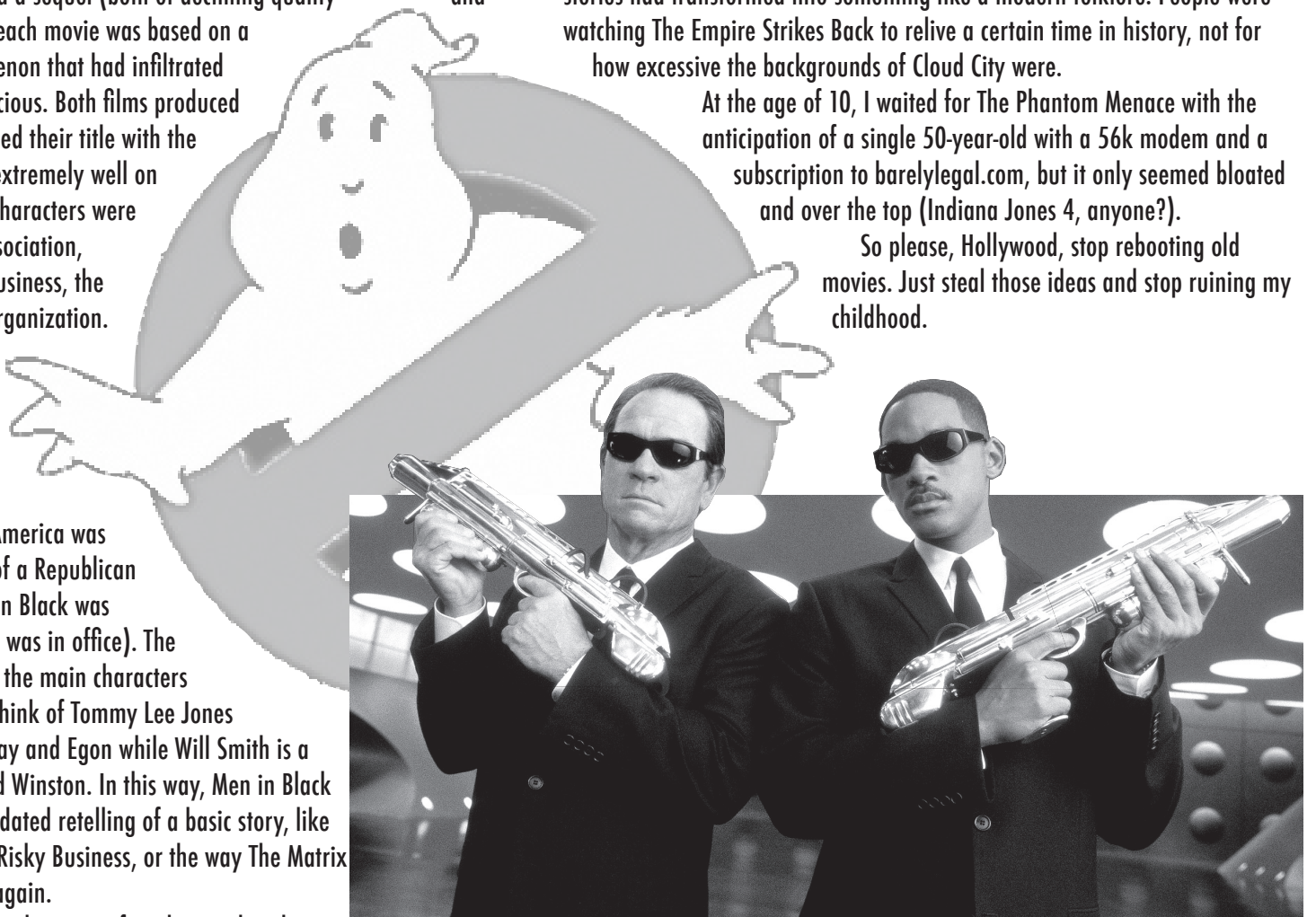
movie will ultimately try to capture the specific sense of nostalgia that surrounded the original films, while still attempting to offer something new to audiences. It is simply impossible to reboot a series after an extended amount of time (four years, give or take). The world is far too different, fundamentally.

**The relationships between the main characters are even analogous—think of Tommy Lee Jones as a combination of Ray and Egon while Will Smith is a mix of Bill Murray and Winston.**

People didn't appreciate *Star Wars* in 1999 the same way they did in 1977. The amazement surrounding the special effects had faded to a simple appreciation by the turn of the century, and the excitement of the stories had transformed into something like a modern folklore. People were watching *The Empire Strikes Back* to relive a certain time in history, not for how excessive the backgrounds of Cloud City were.

At the age of 10, I waited for *The Phantom Menace* with the anticipation of a single 50-year-old with a 56k modem and a subscription to [barelylegal.com](http://barelylegal.com), but it only seemed bloated and over the top (*Indiana Jones 4*, anyone?).

So please, Hollywood, stop rebooting old movies. Just steal those ideas and stop ruining my childhood.





# IR E V I E W



# SOUL MEN

**By Daniel Larkins**



**S**oul Men, starring Samuel L. Jackson and the late Bernie Mac, is eerie for those who know that the giant man on screen smiling, singing and dancing to “Boogie Ain’t Nothin’” is gone forever.

In a recent interview, Samuel L. Jackson pondered this “weird” rarity—an aspect of Hollywood that Christopher Nolan and Christian Bale endured after the death of their Dark Knight co-star Heath Ledger.

What is it like to promote a movie starring a dead man? I wonder if the passing of a co-star affects the ego of superstars. It feels odd for me to say that you can expect to see Ledger in Terry Gilliam’s 2009 release, *The Imaginarium of Doctor Parnassus*, but I guess that’s something films can do. They can immortalize actors and an era. It must feel even weirder, though, to be Ledger’s family, who saw their passed relative play the quintessential modern villain, the scarred purple-suited terrorist, the Joker.

Unlike *Soul Men*, *The Dark Knight* was an event. Ledger’s death at age 28 drew in immense crowds, helping to sell merchandise, the franchise, and IMAX tickets. Besides passing away 22 years older than Ledger, I think one reason Bernie Mac’s death received less attention is because of the difference in their work. Despite Mac’s years of stand-up comedy and an Emmy-winning sitcom series, *Brokeback Mountain* more fervently catapulted Ledger into stardom.

*Soul Men* is *Blues Brothers* redux with two estranged singers reuniting to pay tribute to their deceased partner. Mac plays Floyd, a carwash owner, and Jackson plays Louis, someone who has committed crimes and lives in near-poverty.

Since conflict enacted through F-bombs cannot drive narrative, something else must take

its place

unless it falls apart. Music is the soulful spine of the film with the two leads performing along with music artists such as John Legend and Isaac Hayes, who also passed away after completing the film.

Unlike recent movies that try to be an exemplification of an era using *mise en scène* that is a nostalgic, memorial hue of amber mixed with a Credence Clearwater Revival song, the mood of *Soul Men* is alive, fun and tangible. Hayes’ “Never Can Say Goodbye” avoids redundant story narration, as well as irrelevant “I remember that song,” moments but provides heartfelt ambience.

The reason to see *Soul Men* is the music. The surprising musical talent of Jackson and Mac buttresses the acting in film. Nonetheless, while the film’s stars are funny, the dearth of drama solidifies the movie’s one-dimensionality. Jackson and Mac complement one another when they don matching suits of white, gold and blue—not because of superb onscreen chemistry.

If I was an actor, I’m not sure which way I would want to go out. Like Ledger, my last two roles, lauded, albeit freak show performances, leaving audiences wondering what I would do next—or like Mac, whose last three films, *Soul Men*, the sequel to *Madagascar* and the upcoming *Old Dogs* are a string of light comedies. Maybe Mac is less memorable because the smile he wore when he left us was simple and without mystery.





# Changeling: A Review

Clint Eastwood's latest directorial effort, *Changeling*, is the true story of one woman's fight against the corruption of an LA Police Department that cares only for the protection of one thing—its own reputation.

Her struggle drags her through a hellish nightmare within a mental asylum and into court where she seeks everlasting justice. Angelina Jolie stars in a performance sure to win Oscar praise. Eastwood paces the film perfectly, building it slowly and faithfully until it reaches a conclusion bursting with intensity. The film is neither a thriller nor a crime drama, it is simply the story of a woman in search of justice in a world that seems bent on denying it.

We've seen Eastwood do this before with *Million Dollar Baby* and *Mystic River*, where he gradually builds characters and intensity that, toward the conclusion of the film, take on a life of their own and seem to make their own choices, rather than ones previously scripted. The director has a remarkable talent for delivering honest stories of everyday people faced with extraordinary circumstances and allowing them to react. Eastwood, here, has produced a period piece, recreating a United States just before the Great Depression complete with Model-Ts and fake looking make-up that embodies the time. He is true to his time, and does justice to his subject—something we've come to expect from a director of this caliber.

Jolie's performance as Christine Collins displays her mastery of the range of emotions needed to play a leading woman, presenting them with an honesty that truly speaks to the viewer. The audience can feel her anger, her desperation, and, perhaps most of all, her everlasting hope that survives through tragedy after tragedy, disappointment after disappointment.

On the sidelines, John Malkovich plays the rejuvenating and energizing preacher fighting on Collins's behalf. He is colorful and refreshing; bringing personality to a movie that is drowned mostly in anger, discontentment and sorrow. A good fit for the role, he puts a new spin on the modern movie preacher, taking action rather than simply delivering sermons; fighting against something, rather than merely speaking out against it.

*Changeling* has all the pieces of a movie looking to bring home the hardware come February. True, it is still very early in the race, but it has established itself as an early front-runner, ushering in the season where week after week Oscar hopefuls will seek an audience. Eastwood's own *Mystic River* ushered in the Oscar season much the same way and garnered two Academy Awards for acting, as well as four other nominations. Likewise, with its superior directing and performances, *Changeling* should not be looked over by voters. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the post summer lull of motion pictures has ended, and a stampede of Oscar worthy films march forward on the horizon.





# Punctuation Rocks!

By Elizabeth Plaugic



As much as we would all like to follow the old adage “don’t judge a book by its cover,” it’s easier said than done. Even when it comes to judging bands by their names we are no different.

Because there is so much music out there, and comparatively so little room on our iPods, sometimes music lovers discover bands because they are intrigued by the band’s name. But what makes a good band name? More importantly, what makes an original band name? In following the recent trends in band naming, punctuation seems to be the key.

Against Me!, Does It Offend You, Yeah?, and The Go! Team are just a few bands who rely on punctuation in their monikers to set themselves apart from the non-punctuated musicians in existence. I have set out on a mental journey to discover why the 26 letters of the alphabet just aren’t enough anymore.

!!! seems more like a wide-eyed, open-mouthed facial expression than a band name

Does ending your band name with an exclamation point force those speaking of you to seem excited? If a friend told you, “I’m going to see Against Me!” and you had never heard of them, chances are you would assume they were great because your friend seemed so excited about seeing them. In actuality, your friend could just be accompanying his mo-

hawked younger brother to a show he had no desire to attend.

Punctuation also provides alternative music snobs with the ability to use obscure band names nonchalantly in conversation. Imagine the following scene:

TEACHER: Bobby, please take your sunglasses off in class. It’s rude.

BOBBY: (takes unlit cigarette out of mouth) Does it offend you, yeah?

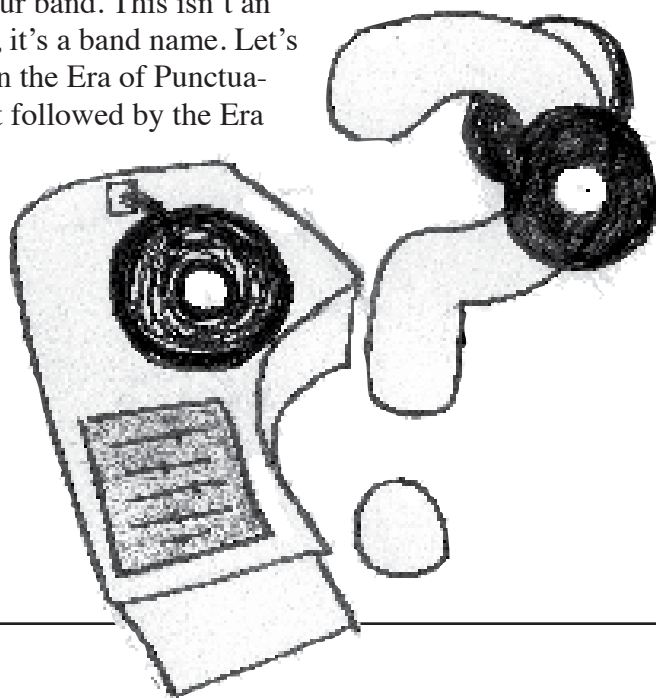
TEACHER: Yes, Bobby, it does offend me.

Score one for Bobby. That’s going on his music blog tonight for sure.

And what happens when a band uses too much or not enough punctuation?

!!! seems more like a wide-eyed, open-mouthed facial expression than a band name. Yes, it can be pronounced “chk chk chk,” but when first reading about a band who’s name is solely comprised of exclamation points, no one is sure what to call them. Clap Your Hands Say Yeah seem to suffer from the opposite problem. They could benefit from some punctuation, but don’t have any. If I saw a man clapping his hands and saying “yeah,” I would think, “That man must be really excited. I can practically see the exclamation points at the end of his sentences.” This sort of enthusiasm warrants an exclamation point—it begs for one. But CYHSY doesn’t deliver. Their music is exciting, but their name? Not so much.

This brings me to my final thought: Is punctuation the new number? The ’90s and early ’00s brought us a slew of numbered bands like Sum 41, Blink 182, S Club 7 and Maroon 5. Has the Era of Numbers moved over to make room for the Era of Punctuation? At least punctuation performs some kind of a function, but numbers are just silly. I don’t need to know how many members are in your band. This isn’t an AOL screen name, it’s a band name. Let’s just hope that when the Era of Punctuation is over, it isn’t followed by the Era of Prince and the Unpronounceable Symbol.



Art by Kelly Holechek



# AN ARMY OF ONE

By Andrew Sheldon

**HI.** My name is Andrew Sheldon and I am an army of one: I am a Kiss fan and fear I stand alone.

For anyone who still cares about my musical taste after so boldly coming out of the Kiss Coffin, I have prepared a brief rebuttal to the three major arguments I've heard in an attempt to sway me from my devotion to the '70s metal band.

## "ALL OF THEIR SONGS SOUND SIMILAR"

This is usually the first response from any person who views an appreciation for Kiss as a mental abnormality. Whenever someone makes such a sweeping generalization of a band they claim to not listen to, they're just representing preconceived notions adopted because of the band's popularity (or they're closet fans themselves). In regards to Kiss, this is simply not true. Within the three-year span of their major popularity, Kiss is noted for expanding from the stripped down rock of their first releases on Destroyer by the addition of orchestral arrangements, and for their descent into disco influenced rhythms with "I Was Made for Lovin' You," their biggest hit.

## "PETER CRISS IS THE WORST DRUMMER IN THE WORLD"

For anyone looking to use this, be sure to point out that Criss was replaced on the tracks "I Was Made for Lovin'

You" by session drummer Anton Fig and by Dynasty producer Vini Poncina who was unimpressed by Criss. His personality was also "The Cat Man," and his

best drummer in The Beatles." Lennon may have apologized, but every joke has its truth.

## "THEY HAVE THEIR OWN MAGAZINE"

This argument may actually explain the initial appeal of Kiss to most people. They were larger than life and their live shows only emphasized their mythological stature: Gene Simmons spit blood and lit his boots on fire, Peter Criss had a flying drum set, and Paul Stanley could have challenged Robin Williams to a chest hair competition.

Indirectly influenced by David Bowie (indirectly) and The New York Dolls (directly), Kiss utilized stage concepts from art rock bands of the late '60s such as The Velvet Underground, but raised them to new, absurd levels by including pyrotechnics and fire breathing. The idea of a rock show had become Vaudevilian. What's beautiful about this is that as a 20-year-old, these are still the same things I love about Kiss. They're sort of the musical equivalent of The

Evil Dead 2. Kiss' importance surpasses their musical achievements because they are simply the first band to personify the definition of "Rock Star." They set the standard for rock musicians to be compared to for generations. After Travis Barker, however, I think we can all agree: No more floating drum sets, please.

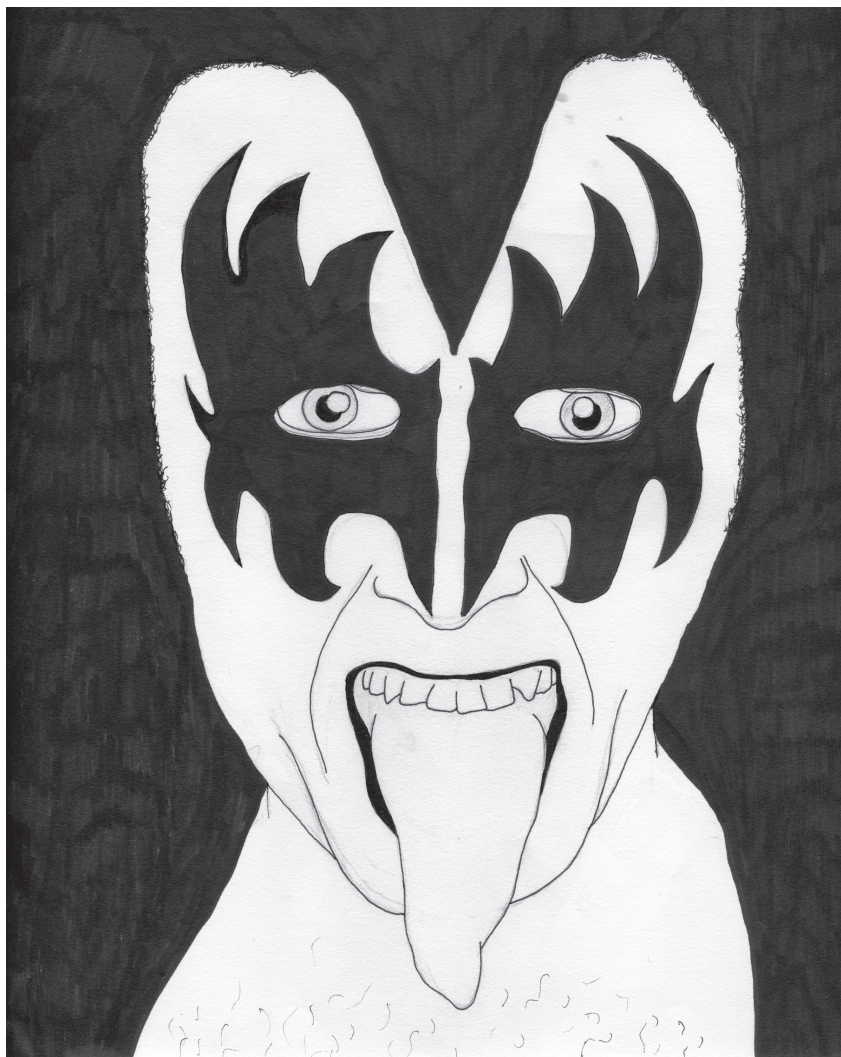


Illustration by James Baduini

make-up represented such. This attack is a little more lowbrow, but affective. All of these statements are correct—however, they over-estimate the importance of an adequate drummer in a highly influential band. When asked if he thought Ringo Starr was the best drummer in the world, John Lennon replied, "he's not even the

# WHO IS EMILYN BRODSKY?

ARTICLE AND  
ILLUSTRATION BY  
DANIEL PILLIS



**E**milyn Brodsky could be considered the modern day equivalent of Sappho, or she could be considered the modern equivalent of no one and she could just be herself. She has a sharp, curved vibrato of a voice, part nasally, part New York, capable of evoking an earnest and somber acoustic resonance, while always on the verge of a robust, bottomless howl. She is a true maverick of the ukulele, towering over the instrument yet gently caressing its smooth balsa body. She is not an anarchist—she might be a feminist, but first and foremost she is a poet, songstress and musician. Her first album, *Emilyn Brodsky's Greatest Tits*, recorded by the Cannon Found Soundation, was released last summer to widespread critical acclaim among wannabe vagrants and indie scenesters who just can't get enough of her witty sentimental sound. So, if you haven't heard of her, listen to her, come see her, talk to her.

**RR: How do you feel about the connection between education and the art making process?**

EB: I think that it's really important, and that a lot of people benefit from it more than others. I wish that the way that my brain was set up and the way that my—the impetus for creation, for movement at all, the thing that makes me get out of bed and brush my teeth—I wish that that had been education, 'cause I think that there is a lot to experience there and I just think that for a pretty large section of interesting and smart and engaged people, it's not. Some of it's laziness, some of it's privilege, some of it is reality, y'know? I don't want to spend the next 15 years drinking in bars. But I also don't want to spend it at an institution of higher learning writing papers about things that I would much prefer discussing with people, and that's why I make music, so that I can communicate something important to a bunch of people. I mean, I couldn't not make music.

**RR: You couldn't not make music?**

EB: I couldn't not make music. I have to. I have to write. I've always been writing. I started making music when I was 18 when I was given a ukulele by...the man that I loved. And...it gave me the opportunity to sit in front of people and explain the way I feel about things, even if the way I feel is "Shut the fuck up you're talking too loud." Being able to sing and write music and go play shows for kids in their

houses or in enormous stadiums—it's really important to have that forum for creativity.

**RR: Which brings us to your temper and your need to control it. Where did that rage come from?**

EB: The world's a shitty place. How can you not be angry? If you're not angry, you're not paying attention, and if you are in control of that anger to begin with, you're not me. Words are what I base everything on. I love words and I love communication, and at the point where that fails, I don't know what to do, and I have in my life made the poor decision to hit people.

**RR: Some people are purely physical, others are purely mental, it's good if you can be both I think, if you can't meet someone on either level....**

EB: Totally. I have a pretty force-  
ful personality and  
sometimes it  
gets trouble-  
some be-  
cause I  
am both  
emotion-  
ally and  
verbally  
aggres-  
sive and  
it's hard  
enough  
for people  
to have  
their own  
opinions  
and not get  
walked over and  
not be pushed  
over. I do  
my best



to ask for what I want. I do my best to talk it out verbally and not just punch my way into what I want, but at the same time, there are times when I don't regret hitting. But as a general rule, it's not the way to go. Okay, this is a question that I want you to ask me. Ask me a question about Jersey.

**RR: ...So, what does New Jersey mean, Emilyn Brodsky?**

EB: New Jersey means way more than I could answer in a sentence or two or even a paragraph. It means the shore; it means kids from the suburbs. It has a particular aesthetic and a particular connotation, being from Jersey, being proud of it or being ashamed of it. I have completely fallen in love with New Jersey. It's very bad. The last three relationships that I've been in have been with dudes from New Jersey who are...really fucking New Jersey...

To be born into NJ, you're born into a bunch of interesting fucked up shit that is going to make you more interesting and more fucked up. I'm totally cool to be where I'm from, to be from where I am—no, wait, what I mean is, all I want is to have eaten at the Grease Trucks...

**RR: You admire the specific culture...**

EB: I do, I do...it's like meeting a person from like, Tibet. It kind of must be amazing to grow up there...I don't know...New Jersey man... What the fuck.

Check her out on:

[www.myspace.com/emilynbrodsky](http://www.myspace.com/emilynbrodsky)

# DE FACTO Musicgration

By Merichelle Villapando

**L**il Wayne is my idol. I have been a hardcore fan of Lil Wayne since he busted out an acoustic guitar and started strumming it while rapping at his concert last year. My hero, the Prince of Two Worlds had my ears swooning for him from then on. When I went to see Weezy at Powerhouse, however, something changed. Oscillating between the rap world, with Wayne dancing his new dance “The Wham,” and the rock world with “I Will Always Love You,”—a bold move the rock crowd embraced—I felt musically confused instead of musically liberated. As one hip hop head close to me most eloquently put it, “Who the fuck does [Wayne] think he is? A ROCK STAR?”

Welcome to musical pangea. Kanye West has done a 360, transforming himself from an upcoming emcee into a synthesized techno voice that’s gone soft. Gym Class Heroes, the formerly unrecognized yet talented rap-rock group, are finally getting their big break with *The Quilt*, and even Santogold gained entrance to our iPods this summer with her fusion of hip hop, funk and reggae—another sign of a musical col-

lide.

With these bridges being built though, how do listeners feel about walking across them? Uncomfortable and awkward. Going to a concert nowadays is like setting yourself up for a blind date. For instance, consider concert wardrobe. A typical rock concert uniform consists of a band tee, hoodie, skinny jeans and Converse shoes, whereas at a rap concert, a tight dress and heels, or a button down and a jeans, is the norm. What exactly do

you wear to a rap-rock-other concert?

You have people showing up in both. It’s not beautiful, it’s awkward. Clothes help set ambience. When fashion is in disarray, an unharmonious, ambiguous vibe sets in, leading to questionable etiquette. While thrashing and pushing are generally accepted at rock concerts, rap concerts endorse one’s own space: Dancing in your own world to your own jams that the DJ plays is revered. Now hip hop heads look curiously at the white

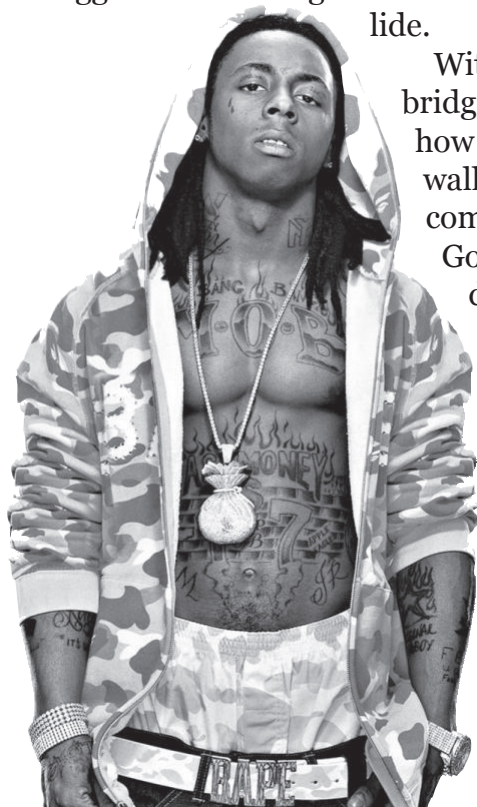
**Rapper, Kanye West**

boy from the Bronx trying to rap, and the rockers’ perplexed faces reflect the confusion as to why the hip

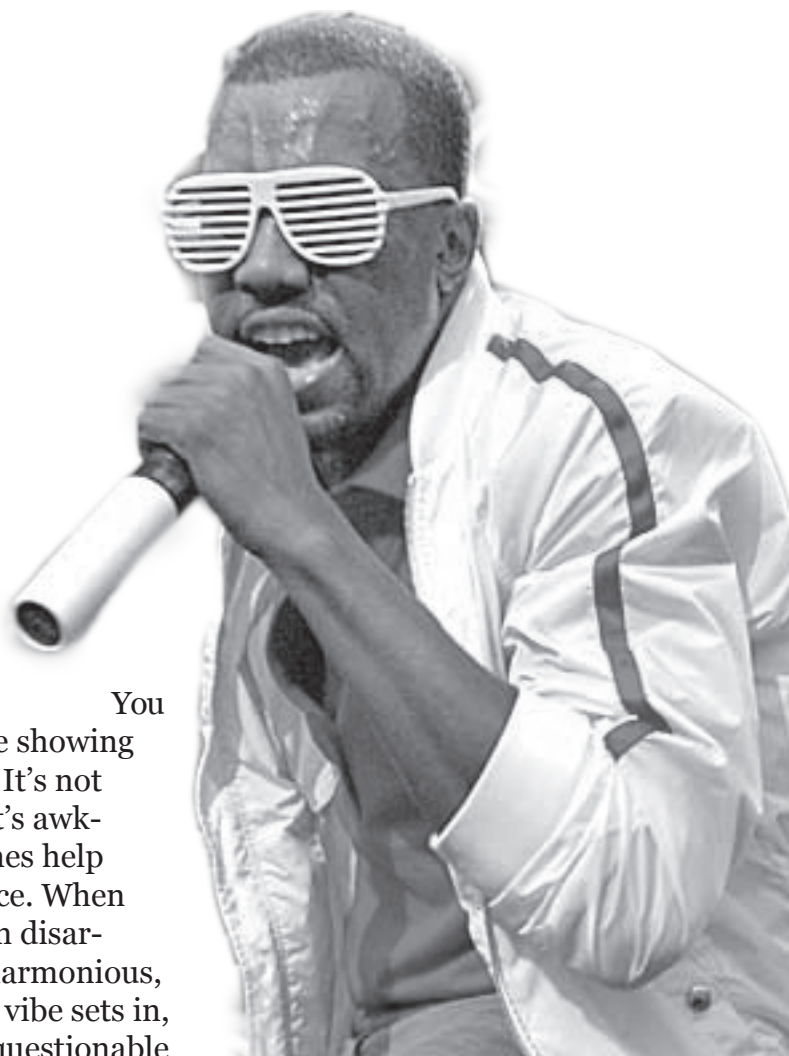
**“WHO THE FUCK DOES [WAYNE] THINK HE IS? A ROCK STAR?”**

hop heads aren’t ‘getting into’ the music via a mosh pit. Why? Because the separation of hip hop and rock has mirrored a de facto segregation of American youth and a culture that has come with it for decades. Adjusting to this new relationship takes time.

Will hip hop heads get more piercings than tattoos now? Will rockers opt for sagging jeans rather than skinny ones? And most importantly, will we hold these anti-genre-centric artists to a new set of standards that has been unprecedented, making a checklist of stellar instrumentals, fast lip rapping rhymes, and addictive beats, versus one or the other? Whether this new inter-genre relationship ends in a happy marriage or a precarious breakup, face it—we are all caught in the drama of the romance.



**Rapper, Lil’ Wayne**





# Q: Whaddaya Mean They Aren't Devo?

## A: They Are Polysics!

By Marissa Graziadio

When they jumped on stage in yellow hazmat suits and red dome hats I totally expected to hear "Whip It."

But it wasn't New Wave veterans Devo—it was the Japanese band the Polysics and they traveled all the way from Tokyo to New York City's Mercury Lounge to perform on Halloween.

Before it was time for the main course of electro synth rock, Japan-style, Johnny Whitney, vocalist of the Portland-based punk band Jaguar Love (consisting of members from The Blood Brothers and Pretty Girls Make Graves) worked up the crowd at the 21+ show. Whitney was in Joker makeup, while their guitarist was decked out in a Polysics costume. After the set was finished the crowd was psyched for the Polysics.

At the end of their first song, the Polysics energetically tore off their Devo hazmat suits revealing their standard band attire...orange hazmat suits! (And straight-bar sunglasses).



Polysics in Concert

The four piece is fond of mixing computer noises with vocoded vocals, powerful drumming, insane guitar riffs, catchy beats and robotic dance moves. Most of their songs have lyrics in both Japanese and English. "DNA Junction, the future the past/ Sometimes it's just easier not to make conversation," sings Hiroyuki Hayashi, the lead singer, guitarist and programmer who

founded the Polysics in 1997. Hayashi named the band after the Korg Polysix, a six voice programmable polyphonic synthesizer (thanks Wikipedia!) and he openly cites Devo as a major influence on their sound and ethos. With a cult-like following in the US and around the globe, the band is doing quite well in the underground scene.

They interspersed old favorites "Tei! Tei! Tei!" and "I My Me Mine" with new songs "Moog is Love," "DNA Junction," and "Kikai Tabe-chaimashita." They even played a ridiculous electronic cover version of The Knack's 1979 hit "My Sharona."

The new material comes from their album *We Ate the Machine*, which was released by MySpace Records. It dropped Sept. 30 and is the band's first US release of completely new material in three years. They debuted in the US with 2000's *Hey! Bob! My Friend!* released by Asian Man Records, and their most well known US releases are 2006's *Now Is the Time* released by Tofu Records and their 2007 compilation album *Polysics or Die!!!! Vista* released by MySpace Records.

Check the Polysics out at <http://www.myspace.com/polysicsna> and look for their crazy music videos on YouTube.com.



Polysics performing at the Mercury Lounge

## The Postmarks

### By the Numbers

By Ilana Kaplan

Indie pop group The Postmarks have been stamping their name for the past year on a new project in the works. The Miami-based band titled their album *By the Numbers* to represent cover songs with numbers in their titles, and the unique idea of releasing a free cover song each month on the website [e-music.com](http://e-music.com), was the basis for the compilation.

The Postmarks can be compared to bands such as Camera Obscura, Au Revoir Simone and Azure Ray, because of the breathy dream pop melodies that enchant each track. The album is somewhat reminiscent of The Cranberries' sound in songs like "Linger."

*By the Numbers* contains tracks such as "One Night Samba," originally composed by Antonio Carlos Jobim. The track has a samba beat and

contains dreamy overtones that contrast with the melody. Also covered are The Jesus and Mary Chain's "Nine Million Rainy Days" with a similar, but calmer, rhythm, making the track significantly mellower than the original. The Cure's "Six Different Ways" is covered as an enticing lullaby, and the track "Three Little Birds" is a calming, comforting ballad aided by the repetition of lyrics "Don't worry about a thing/ 'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright."

The '60s-esque vocals performed by vocalists Tim Yehezkeley and Christopher Moll are haunting. But the melodies have an upbeat feel, which contrasts with the lyrics in the songs "Goodbye" and "Looks Like Rain" from the band's first album.

Following the success of their first two releases,

*By the Numbers* is The Postmarks' third release since their 2006 EP *Remixes* and a self-titled 2007 LP. *By the Numbers* is sure to climb the charts for its spark of creativity and indescribable sound.



The Postmarks' "By the Numbers" Album

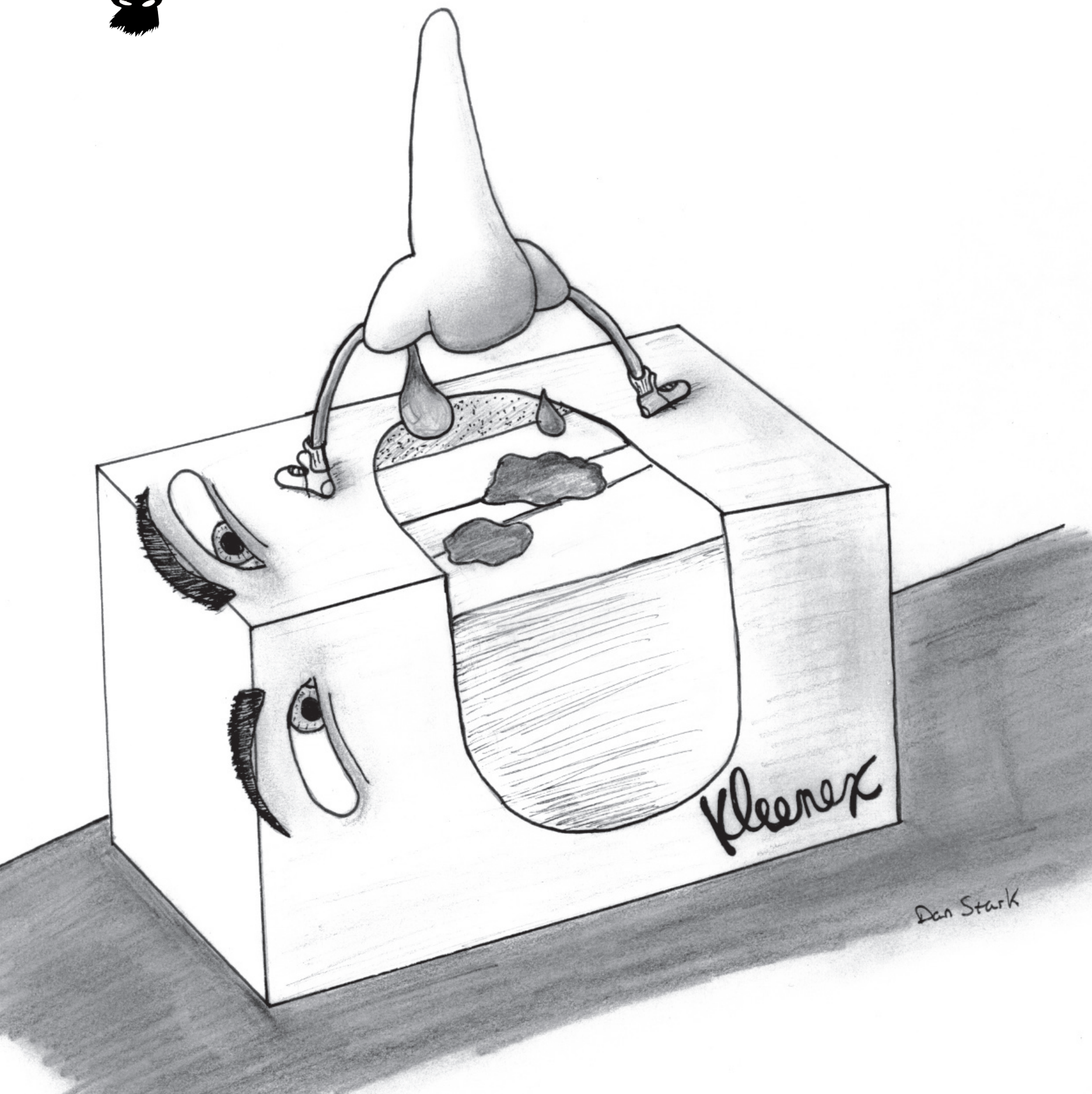


Illustration by Dan Stark



# AND KARMIC JUSTICE FOR ALL

By John E. Sullivan

**T**he last time I checked, my back never held a sign that read, “No need for a tissue, just sneeze right here.” But without a warning, or even a hand to act as a splashguard, the mousy kid behind the dark frames, sneezed all over the nape of my neck.

I’ve had worse things happen before, but as a consequence for not saying “Bless You”, I suffered the fate of waking up the next morning with sore throat and a runny nose.

From then on, the week only got better. My bike was stolen from me as I was riding it, the roaches inside my apartment decided to evict me and my girlfriend left me for another man’s cat. Without a bike, a girl, or a place to stay I walked the streets alone, in search of the karmic justice that I’ve heard so much about.

I hoped to find the kid who stole my bike reincarnated into a stolen bicycle that had been ridden by someone who resembled Fatty Arbuckle. The kid who sneezed on me, could have manifested into something else, like an entire box of Kleenex used by an emotional teenager, but to my chagrin, I had heard from a mutual friend that he wrote his dissertation on the molecular structure of a split pea and is graduating with honors. My girlfriend’s even doing better than me. I would have loved for her to find me on the street and out of sincere love, bring me back home, where she’d nurse me back to good health. But with the addition of an entire litter of kittens, she and her new husband are doing better than ever. I mean where are my just desserts? I haven’t even had my main course yet.

It’s not all that terrible though. I’ve made friends with some of the people you might never get a chance to meet-like Terry, the once champion pool player, who had also held the title for the world’s best dartboard. Terry and I became fast friends, nagging college students for loose leaf paper and pencil shavings

**“The mousy kid behind me sneezed all over the nape of my neck...my girlfriend left me for another man’s cat.”**

to pawn off at a local recycling center.

But while Terry and I were giving each other piggy back rides up and down George Street, it suddenly occurred to me that I may have deserved this misfortune, due to the fact that I had been sneaking into the movies daily for free, hiding in the bathrooms of trains to avoid paying the fare, double parking in handicap spots and cheating on my girlfriend with her best friend’s gerbil.



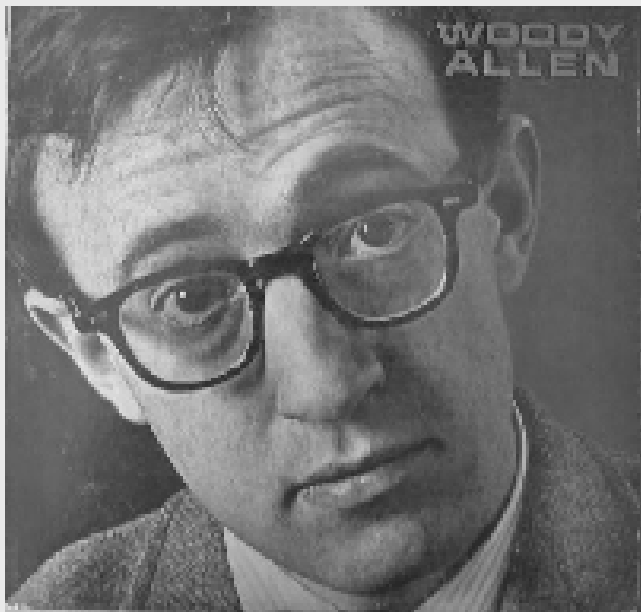
Illustration by John E. Sullivan

## We Apologize!

In last issue’s, “Dinosaurs, and a Topice that is Wildly Disputed”, the illustration was by Dan Stark

## Comedy L.P. of the Month

By John E. Sullivan



Woody Allen- Self-titled  
Colpix Records 1964

One should never write or even (overtly) praise their idols. They should be kept at distance at which no arm can reach. Idols are important for the mere fact that they are unattainable, which is why they are idols.

However, mimicry is another form of flattery in terms of comedy. Had it not been for Cash Cab's Ben Bailey, Joe Rogan of Fear Factor would not have much of a career and his claim to fame would be limited to silly one-liners in between high-wire acts and the ingestion of pig testicles. Luckily for Joe Rogan he did steal Bailey's jokes, and he is (or maybe was) the host of the ever prestigious The Man Show.

There are plenty of examples of comedic theft. Dreyfus and Albert Brooks, and even Ben Stiller have all longed to emulate the craft of Woody Allen. In more cases than one, they have all fallen short of something—be it timing, delivery, talent, etc.

In his self-titled LP, Allen demonstrates that we can all play the part, but we can never actually be the character.

"Floyd used to sit in the dumb row in school. I walked past him and he yells, 'Hey Red!' ...I was a cocky kid...I put down my violin. I go up to him. I said, 'My name is not Red. If you want me call me by my regular name, it's Master... Haywood... Allen.' I spent that winter in a wheelchair. A team of doctors labored to remove a violin. Luckily it wasn't a cello."

## popcorn Tooth

By Christopher Kunkel

He was wearing a pair of perfectly matching pajamas, sinister looking with a speck of shame. He was summoned to court for shoplifting shoes while leaving his old pairs in the boxes for his unsuspecting victims to smell. They were still finding shoe boxes hidden in the store that had been there for years, fungus creeping through the creases. It was hard to explain to the judge his motive, dressed like he was.

"Your honor, the shoes spoke to me," he explained. "It was as if the Nikes were making me walk on air, Jesus-like, gliding through and over the horizon," he pointed dramatically towards an imaginary horizon. "Let's make one thing clear," he began to pace, staring menacingly at the jury, "I do not believe in Jesus or God. Can I get an amen?" he fluttered his eye lashes absentmindedly as he finished his prayer. "On a side note," he began addressing the jury conversationally in tone, none of whom gave him an amen, "I bought some popcorn the other day that claimed it was light in butter but, in fact, there was no discernible butter taste whatsoever." As he spoke about the popcorn his eyes wandered towards the courtroom mirror in which he saw his own reflection, and as usual, he focused on the one baby tooth protruding from his gums; ironically, the same tooth that enabled him to eat the popcorn that bothered him so.

He spent the rest of his days resting calmly in a padded cell, arguing passionately, if only to himself, for a redress of sentence.

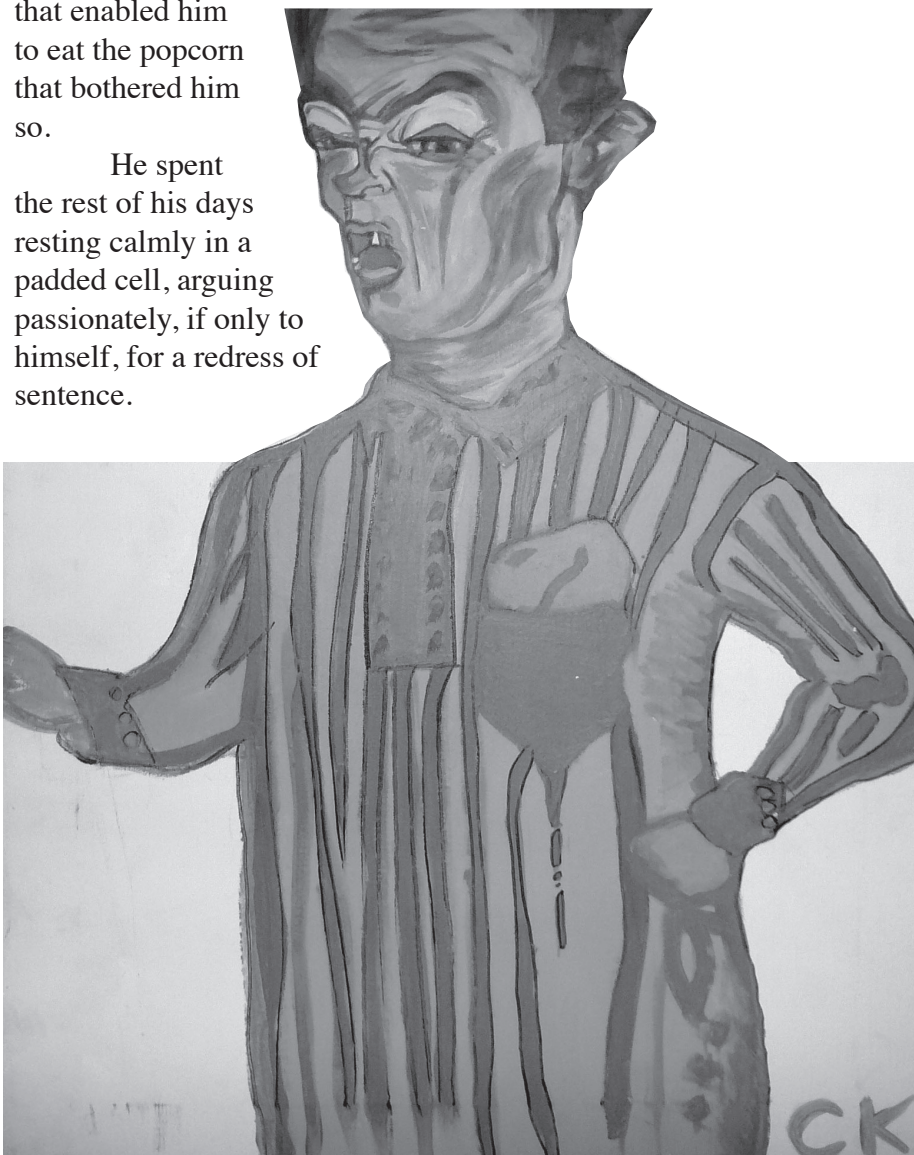
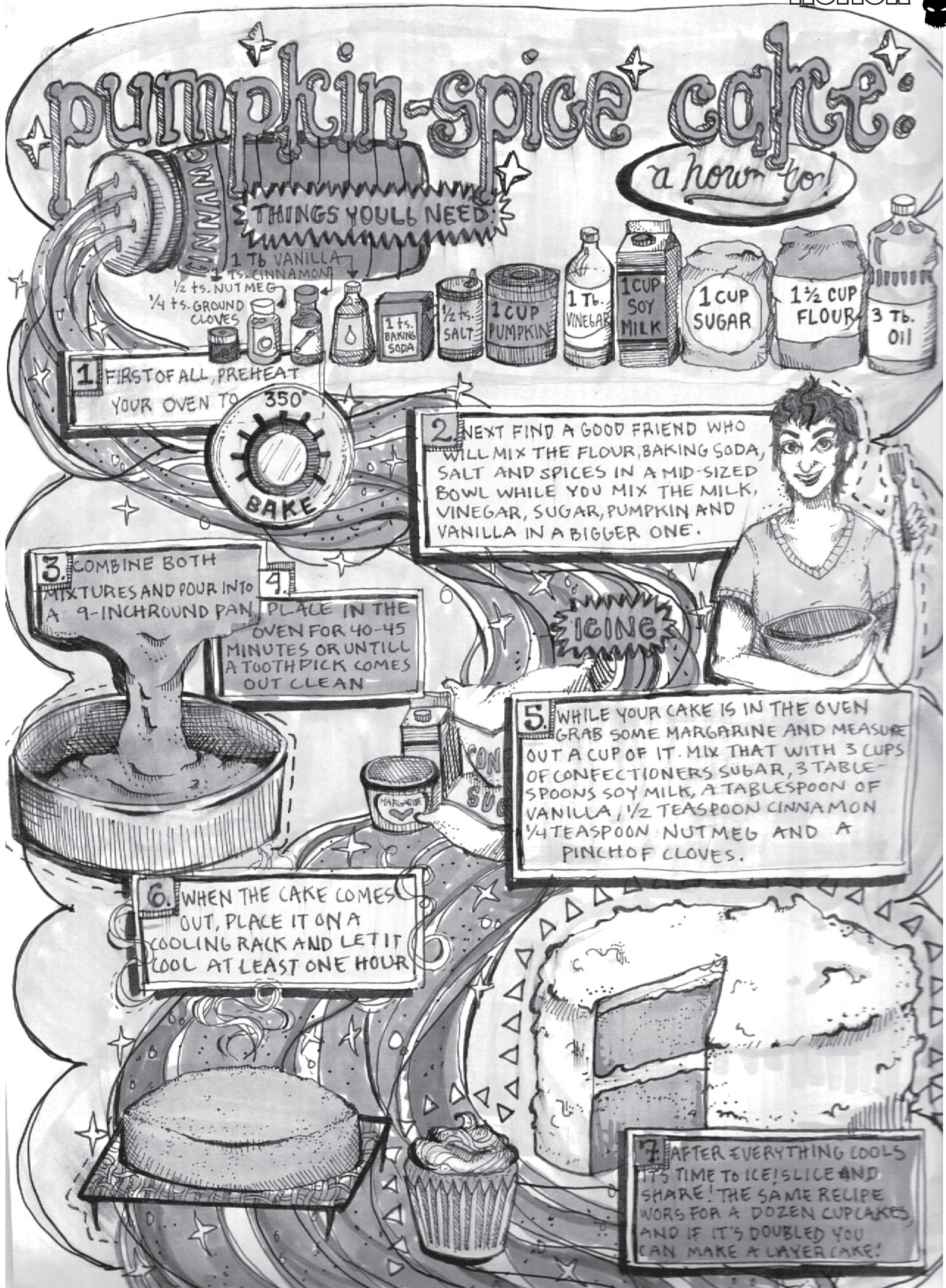


Illustration by Marisa Montemorano



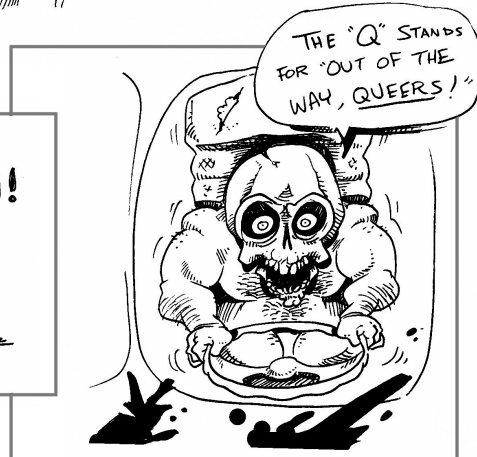
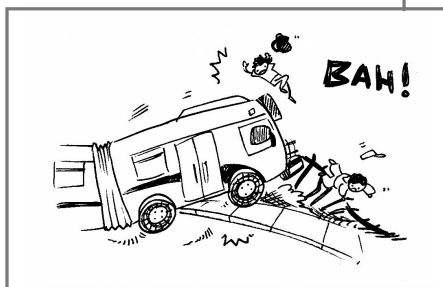




# That Thing I Drew by Jon Bershad

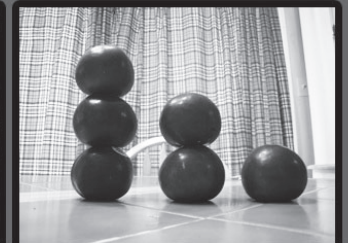
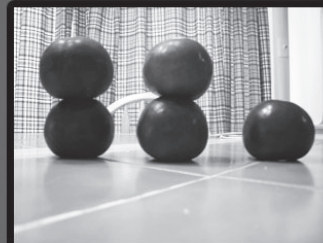


## "Q Bus" by Bibotch



## National Pastime by Matt Korostoff

Without additional comment, I would like to note that I LOVE the fact that plums are naturally capable of acrobatics, and that I somehow suspect that this feature may have been designed with me, personally, in mind.



- 11/29 Glad Hearts, Lady Bright, Disarmor @ The Breadbox (NB)
- 12/2 Dr. Dog @ Webster Hall (Nyc)
- 12/5 Titus Andronicus @ Bowery ballroom (nyc)
- 12/5 Seasick/Psychotriller/Michael Jordan/ Stressed Out! @ Meat Town USA
- 12/6 Yeasayer @ Music Hall of Williamsburg (nyc)
- 12/7 Love is All/Crystal Stilts @ Bowery ballroom(nyc)
- 12/8 Vampire Weekend/ Ra Ra Riot @ Wellmont Theater (montclair)
- 12/10 Loney, Dear @ Mercury Lounge (nyc)
- 12/11 Screaming Females, Cheeky, Little Lungs, Witches @ The Parlor
- 12/16 of Montreal @ Music Hall of Williamsburg
- 12/18 CSS @ Webster Hall
- 12/19 Fun Machine @ Danger Danger Gallery (philly)
- 12/27 Kimya Dawson/Emilyn Brodsky @ South Presbyterian Church (Dobbs Ferry, NY)
- 12/31 My Morning Jacket @ Madison Square Garden (nyc)
- 12/31 Blonde Redhead @ Terminal 5 (nyc)
- 12/31 Gogol Bordello @ The Electric Factory (philly)

- 12/21 Wu-tang Clan @ Starland Ballroom (nj)
- 12/31 Yo La Tengo/ Vivian Girls @ Wellmont Theater
- 12/31 Crystal Castles @ Music Hall of Williamsburg
- 12/31 They Might Be Giants @ The Theater of the Living Arts (philly)

# WHERE YOU SHOULD BE